VOX POPULI: THE CYNIC'S FERSION.

a stately white hily, fragile and fair, etals all perfect, scent faint and rare— thall we not bow to her beauty and sweetness is hall we not serve her with loyal completeness. "Here is nothing our hunger supplies; Useless—useless. Buzz" say the flies. Hark to the brown bird that lives in the corn, Song ot a lark through the mists of the morn, How shall we thank him for notes of delight, Par, far ascending, sweet, out of sight? "We cannot see him; we will not rise: Useless his singing! Buzz!" say the flies.

llory of saurise gilds river and rill,
looding the valley and crowning the hill,
eattering night-clouds, shaming all fear—
ear born of darkness; behold! light is here!
"We rush to the sunahine! ugb! what meets
our eyes?
Not even a crumbof bread; Buzz!" say the flies.

Down in a ditch-hole, with nettles around,
Toadstools and mud—an old barrel is found,
Broken and battered, foul outside and in;
Coarsest of treacle still lingers within:
Crowding by thousands with rapturous cries,
"This, this, is Paradise! Buzz!" say the flies.

JACK'S COURTSHIP.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

" or of "The Wreck of The Grosvenor," "A Sea-Queen." "An Ocean Pree-Lance," etc. CHAPTER XXI.-CONTINUED.

The steward came into my cabin with a wellstocked tray, in the inspiration of which, menucht, I could trace my friend Daniel; and glad was I to fall to, for the aroma of the good things on the cuddy-table, stealing in through the Venetian-like panelling of the door, had excited a lively hunger in me. I speedily cleared the tray, tum bled out of my bunk, shaved and dressed myself, and theu, opening the scuttle, and finding it to leeward, I lighted a pipe, and smoked it with my face in the aperture, so that no smell of the tobacco should pass tuto the cuddy.

it was like looking through a telescope without the magnification. Cult " small view was to be get st there was of it was the lines of the orross the all enushine and circuming we of tretabling, white radiance, we breeze-swept river-surface thining taked steel through it, and a glimpa Kentish flats, of the Whitstable and coast, looking like a stretch of blue hase. was towing bravely, and the noise of the see of the foam from her paddles' washing passed neath me, and came up like the sound of a foun tain; but I would now and again hear an ominon creak, a significant strain of timber or bulkhead. and note that the horizon would take a slight slant, first toward the bows, and then toward the stern, as if it were the central portion of some gigantic see-saw. If, thought I, we are beginning to feel the

further on. Another half-hour passed; the motion was growing more defined, and the creaking busier, and I was beginning to feel mighty tired of my cabin, was beginning to feel mighty thed or my cache, and to pine for the sunshine and the breeze and the leg-stretching space of the poop. What! already! somebody was sick in the next cabin. The groaning was as that of a monk wrestling with Beelzebub. There was no periodical explosion, no hopeful and soothing blow-up, but a steady grambling, and now and again a slight roar. On a sudden a tap fell on my door, and in walked Daniel Thompson. His red face was illuminated by a broad grin, while he sniffed, and complained, in a sepulchral voice, "Halloo! who's been smoking here?"

"It's that box," said I, pointing to Morecombe's. "It's that box," said I, pointing to Morecombe's. "It's full of tobacco, How are you, Daniel, and what news have you brought me?"

"Well, I've done your business," he answered. "It's all right. She knows you're aboard. You can clear out of this."

"Have you really explained already?" cried I. "And what did she say! For Heaven's sake, speak out, Daniel. I thought you were coming to see me after breakfast, to arrange what to say to her."

"I'm not going to make a long yaru of it," he replied; "I have other things to do. See here, Jack, it was after breakfast; is he and her aunt and Mr. Morecombe were on the poop—hallo? "Heave" "Somebody sick next door," I replied. "Heave" and to pine for the sunshine and the breeze and the

swell here, we should be finding a pleasant tumble

nebody sick next door," I replied. "Heave "Somebody sick next door," I replied. "Heave shead, Thompson."
"Well, they were on the poop. Presently the aunt goes below, young Morecombe having previously stepped over to Mrs. O'Brien, to answer some question she had sung out to him. I saw my chance, and went up to my girt; and, after mancuvring a bit, as nervous as a stammering chap in a witness box, and wishing you at Jericho for putting me on such a job, I told her plame that you had asked me to say you were aboard, under some name which I couldn't for the moment recollect."
"Well?"

name which I couldn't for the moment recollect."

"Well "

"Well she just turned the color of the ship's ensign. Solit me, Jack, if ever I saw a girl blush so heavily before," said he. "A red Indian wouldn't have been in it alongside her. I'd have sheered off right away, for fear that the others might twig the rosy look, and suspect I was making love to her, if I hadu't been more afraid, if they saw me off in a harry, that they'd imagine I had insuited her. But, I say, my friend, sho's a real beauty; you have a correct taste. She's a fine girl; I don't know that ever I saw a handsomer eye in a female. 'I am an old friend of bis,' said I, 'and I undertake this job merely to oblige him, and, I hope, you too,' said I. 'He declines to show up until I have informed you he's in the ship; and the next business, I think,' said I, 'he wants me to undertake is, to introduce him to you as if you were estrangers; which, when done, will complete all that my friend Jack expects of me.'"

"Was that all that passed?" said I.

of me.'"
"Was that all that passed?" said I. "Was that all that passed?" said I.

"That's all," he answered.

I thanked him heartily for his kindness, assuring him that, as a friend in need, he was the best of all friends; and I begged him to believe that I appreciated his friendliness all the more for knowing how the sense of his being a skipper ... ould bother him in his willingness to give me a hand.

"What will you do now?" said he. "There's no need to keep below, is there? I think you said the aunt don't know you."

I answered that I would go forward, where I could command the poop; if Florence was alone, I would come aft; but I explained that it would not be advisable to introduce me in the presence of the sunt, as Florence's manner, on our first meeting, might betray us.

be advisable to introduce me in the presence of the aunt, as Florence's manner, on our first meeting, might betray us.

"All right," said he; "but you'll understand, Jack, after I've introduced you to her, you must go on making love alone; Fill have nothing more to do with it. And I hope you'll tell her never, on any account, in the future, to speak of the part I have played; for, though it might make my fortune among the girls, it would ruin me among the fathers; and fathers are, after all, the people who choose ships and pay the passage-money."

I promised him, in the most solemn manner, that not a syllable concerning him should ever escape Miss Hawke or me, and he then went away.

I was in the act of struggling into a topcoat, when the door was violently flung open, and Mr. Morecombe belted in. He was deadly pale, and his chest hollowed and swelled out like a pair of bellows, while his face had a twist in it as though he was strangling. He stood in the middle of the cabin, glaring around him, while a man might have counted ten, and his eyes then lighted on the washbasin. He rushed up to it, and vomited in the most dreadful manner that ever I beheld. No doubt I was right in suspecting that he had felt sick for some time, but had been righting with his qualms on deck, and had rushed below to be ill out of sight of Miss Hawke. Itell you, his sufferings seemed dreadful, and he raised such an outcry, as he hung over the basin, with both hands grasping his waisteoat, the perspiration streaming down his face, and first one leg and then the other giving a wild kick up astern of him as he roared, that I hadn't the heart to leave him until his paroxysm was over.

"Let me give you a hand into your bunk" said I.

was over.

"Let me give you a hand into your bunk," said I,
"for you couldn't do better than to lie down, and I
will call the steward to you."

Well, I bundled him into his bunk, and never did

Well, I bundled him into his bunk, and never did a more woe-begone face embellish a pillow. Ladies, you should have seen this good-looking fellow! I pulled open his shirt-collar, which was choking him, and hauled off his boots, and put the basin alongside of him. He lay groaning and moaning like a wounded man, and the noise he made appeared to have started off the person in the next cabin afresh, for, in the intervals of Morecombe's rumblings, I could hear the muffied notes of similar sounds beyond the bulkhead. I quitted the cabin, and, calling to the steward, teid him to look after the gentleman in No. 4, and then went on to the main-deck, watched with some surprise by the little bow-legged fellow, who would scarcely know what to make of a man that was one moment too ill to leave his bed for the breakfast-table, and the next was stepping along the deck with the deep-sea roll that comes like an instinct the moment the trained leg feels the heave of a deck-plank.

WITH MY LOVE.

A noble morning it was, streaming and shining, a light blue sky and a crescent of mare's tails over eads, and a flock of steam-colored clouds on the lee horizon, where the land was film on our starboard bow. To windward, e-green water ran into the whitish sky, and or way there was nothing to be seen but a deep twarming along, stiff as a church, with her ticke right to mits! publication in America purchased yards hard against the lee rigging. The black smoke of the tug blew away from our flying jibboom end, and our ship followed with every staysall upon her hoisted, a crowd of passengers on the forecastle sunning themselves and a anding black against the white cloths of the jiba, a blue vein breaking from the galley chimney, the fray decks glittering likes and, and a sweep of blue heaven deepenand lightening beyout the curve of the boys, which rose and sank upon the roffled folds of the swell that was rolling out of the Channel, into which we were heading. I stepped as far as the main-hatch, and took a squint aft. The pilot was walking athwart the poop close to the brase raft, taking a sharp look ahead and around at every turn: but I had to go a little further forward to see as much as I need of the poop; and when abreast of the galley I stopped again, and saw Florence near the mizzenmast, talking to some children.

There or four only of the passengers were about, and Aunt Damarts was certainly not one of them.

Three or four only of the passengers were about, and Aunt Damaris was certainly not one of them. Thompson stood right aft near the wheel, and the idea coming into my head that he was waiting there to "introd-ce" me, and might be wondering what on earth was keeping me below, I pulled myself together and stepped without further ado on the poop. He spied me the moment my head was above the ladder, and advanced to meet me.

ther ado on the poop. He spied me the moment my head was above the ladder, and advanced to meet me.

"Jack," said he, "there's the lady, but you don't want me to introduce you, do ye? Hang it, there's nobody looking. Give me as little to do in this job as you can, mate."

"Let's carry the programme through," I replied, with my heart thumping under my coat. "You told her you would introduce me" (this was not quite true, by the way). "Some confounded eye that we don't suspect way be on us—so take me up to her, will you!" Florence had her back toward us, and pointed to the collier while she talked to the children.

"Come along, then," said Thompson; "if it must be done, let's get it over"; and, leaving me to follow, he went up to Florence, who in turning to him saw me. Nobody but the nurse who had charge of the children was near enough to notice what was going on, and she called the youngsters away when we advanced; and lucky it was that nobody paid attention, for the abrupt manner in which Daniel walked up to my darling, and the extraordinary flourish he made over the business of introducing me, must have set any observer wondering.

"Allow me, Miss Hawke." said he, contorting himself into the queerest of nautical bows, and waving his hands as though he were motioning to the man at the wheel, "to have the pleasure of introducing my friend, Mr. Jack Edge—Edgy—hum! Mr. Jack Edgymore, to you. Mr. Edgymore—Miss Hawke. Nice weather, Miss Hawke. The tug will be dropping us presently, and then we shall make sail, you know; ahem! yes, that will be it." And he fixed a bewildered eye on me, as if he would say, "Must I go on talking a bit, or walk off at one of the pherse!", bowed, though one glance into each

say, "Must I go on talking a bit, or walk off at onco!"

I raised my hat, and Florence, not being able to help herself, bowed, though one glance into each other's eyes was enough to satisfy us that we bo he equally felt the absurdity of the situation. But trying luits way as it was, let me tell you, lads, that her composire and self-possession could not have been completer had this been really our first introduction. A bright color had flushed into her checks when she turned and saw me, but it was some before Daniel had ended his speech; and, look-same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with a faurt, nervous, twitching smile upon the same with same transported to the same transporte

white surpring you we Australia When she and then, at teresting in deck what to say, and hardiy able to say, and hardiy able to sagside her at last, talking to santiful eyes, and that this ming of many weeks of con-

at time to find out," she

and then a teresting in the deck.

"I hope you searcely knowing realize that I was been to find out," all realize that I was been to know in the following allout it." I had in the searcely knowing replied. "I am too munically your intention she should "I assure you she knew in piled. "I dared not trust higher reaching your ears, and put the harder for me to keep from prise will end when she gets my think I could endure to be soparate sent me this to remember you by."

out the locket, "but did you believe fice? There is only one thing in this wastisfy me as a keepsake—and that isy. She bent ber eyes downward, quies. Thompson was tasking to the pilot; Minkad got hold of the children, and wasthem; Captain Jackson and his wife stum other side of the poop arm in aim; everybe belonging aft was below.

"Of course you know, Mr. Seymour, that my is with me," said she, after a pause.

"Yos," I replied, "she is the reason why I has shipped as Jack Egerton—will you call me Egertonif you address me as Seymour she will guess who am."

"Onght I to say I will!" ebe answered, smiling." time to find out," she
astonished. I had no
step. If Sophie knew
the step of the step of the step
that I did not try
made my secret
ter. Did you
from you! You
de it hauling
it would auf.

an."
"Ought I to say I will?" she answered, smiling.
"It will be so difficult." And then, with an uneasy look coming into her face, she said. "Are you fair in asking me to be deceitful? I wish you had not

come—"
"Don't for Heaven's sake say so!" cried I. "If
my presence annoys you, I'll shift my quarters into
the 'tween-decks yonder, and never approach this
part of the vessel for the rest of the voyage, it
will be something, at all events, to feel that I am will be something, at all events, to feel that I am in the same ship with you. When I made up my mind to follow you, I never feared that you would wish I had not come. It's true that I did not dare hope you would be glad to see me; but I counted upon your not being angry, for it is for love of you, and only for that, Florence, that I have followed you."

you."
"I am not angry, Mr. Sey-Mr. Edg-Mr.—ch, what am I to call you!" she exclaimed, coloring and stanunering. "I do not want you to leave this part of the ship—I—!—"
The darling broke down, looking away with her

The darling broke down, looking away with her sweeteves over the sea, with a trembling of the lovely lashes as though tears were not far off; and then, rallying a bit, she said, in her gentle way, with a quiver in the lower notes of her voice, "The deceitfulness is the only part I dislike. I shall never be able to address you as Mr. Egerton without feeling that I am telling a story."

"Then," said I, peeping around into her face, "if you can't help feeling that it will be wrong to call me Mr. Egerton, say Jack when we are alone; that will be enough; there's no need to address me by any name when others are present."

Here came another pause, and then said she, "Do you know that Mr. Reginald Morecombe is in this ship?"

"Perfectly well," I replied. "He shares my cabin, and I have just left him horridly sea-sick, after stowing him away in his bunk."

"What! does he know you are here?" she cried, with her eyes wide open with wonder.

"He knows that Mr. Egerton is hore, that's all," I answered.

"Rut have you never met before?"

"He knows that Mr. Egerton is here, that's all,"
I answered.
"But have you never met before?"
"I caught a glimpse of him once at Bristol, but he
did not see me, and does not know me from Adam."
Sheralsed her hand with a gesture of astonishment, and then i suppose the absurdity of his
sharing my cabin-indeed, the ridiculousness of the
position we were all of us in-struck her; she broke
into a short, semi-hysterical laugh, though she grew
very soon grave again, and turned a glance now
and then at the companion batch, which caused me
to ask her if she expected her aunt to come on
deek.

"I don't think she will come," the answered. "She
complained of feeling a little sick, and went to her

to ask her if she expected her aunt to come on deck.

"I don't think she will come," she answered. "She complained of feeling a little sick, and went to her cabin to lie down."

"Does not this motion inconvenience you?"

"Not in the least," she replied; and, indeed, I had already noticed how easily she poised her beautiful figure to the heave of the deck. Looking at her closely while we conversed, and better able to observe points in her now that my agitation was gone, I took notice of a certain care-worn expression in her face, a sorrowful appearance, that would have passed with me as the grief she would feel in saying good-by to her home, were it not that itlooked too oid to belong to the date of her farewell. She caught me watching her wistfully, and I at once said, "I am afraid they have been making you unhappy on my account. You haven't the healthful, happy looks I remember, Florence; though, please God, they'll be coming back to you now."

She did not answer me; whether of not she liked me calling her Florence, there was no rebuke in her face when I said the word.

"I heard from Sophie," said I, "that you were a good deal worried when in Scotland. Did you know that Mr. Morecombe was to be one of the Strathmore's passengers?"

"How can you ask me?" she answered, quickly, with a sparkle like a tear in her eyes, and the cold look I had noticed when peering at her through the skylight on the previous evening coming into her face. "I should not have been here if I hadknown."

"Ah!" said I. "I see how the coast lies now. Whats mean wretch he must be to pursue you in this fashion afteryour flat rejection of him. The instant i entered my cabin and saw the fellow's traps, I saw the plot. How could your father have the heart to subject you to this sort of thing? What opinion can he have of you, not to guess that the more Mr. Morecombe worries you the more you will hate him." She could not help smiling at this, dejected as ahe looked, and was, and said, "The idea of the yoyage is Auut Damari's, not papa's "is as tho

"And was it Miss Damaris Hawke who suggested the notion of Mr. Morecombe's voyaging to Australia with you?"
"I cannot tell you, Mr. Sey—Mr.—"
"Jack—say Jack, Florence," I exclaimed. "If you will not think of me as suyself, think of me as Sophie's cousin, and you'll not find Jack hard to pronounce. If you do not mind me calling you Florence, why should you heattate to call me Jack?"
"You call me Florence without asking my leave—how do you know I don't mind?" she answered. Well, it was early times for this matter of Jack, so I went back to my question as to what share Aunt Damaris had in the plot that had brought young Mr. Morecombe into the Strathmoss. She replied that she could not say, as, until she cause aboard at Gravesond, she did not know that Mr. Morecombe meant to sail in the ship. She

said that shortly after their arrival in Scotland Aunt Damaris had asked her if she would like to return to Sydney with her in September, and stop a few months there. She answered yes; the voyage would amuse her, and she would be glad to see Sydney again. Well, a little later her father talked o her on the same matter, and made her see he wished her to go with her aunt, as then she took the thing in earnest and wrote to Sophie about it, but she had not the least idea that the voyage was a plan to bring her and Morecombe together; she never thought, when she left England, to see the youth again; otherwise, though she was quite willing to go to Australia, she never would have sailed in that ship with him. She told me all this in a very quiet way, speaking softly, and often looking at me anxiously, as if she feared I might distrust any portion of her narrative. She did not utter a word against her father nor her aunt; nevertheless she contrived, somehow or other, to let me see that ever since she had metme she had led an uncomfortable, if not an unhappy, life at her home; and that being so, then there was very little to wonder at in her willingness to leave it for a spell. I noticed that, as we continued couversing, the embarrasment she had first shown passed away; she warmed up, glancing at me with sort of pleasure in her eyes, as if she was beginningto thoroughly realize that I was on board. And, my lada, even if this girl thought of me then as no more than a friend, there would be a pleasantness when she looked along the ship and saw the crowd of strange people on the main-deck and forecastle, and then over the bows and beheld the leagues of heaving sea there, in remembering that I was on board, with a face that brought up pleasant memories of Clifton, and Bristol Cathedral, and Sophie, and the like; for though, to be sure, her aunt was in the ship, the feeling that the old woman sided with her brother, and had meanly played into his hands, would so qualify the sense of companionship as to make the girl feel wh

as they acopted to the foam which new exactivity and recromans and wonder as with the event of the control of t

thoose to let you do so I do not think would object."

perfect revelation to me in these few

mly to remember how she had re-a defiance of all the influence ber a bear upon her, and how loyally he embarked on this long voyshould have need of a speech that she had a high sport. I wer to make her.
deence you," she continued,

a name only for my sake,
guise is unnecessary. You
at that my nunt would be
resard; but why should I
when I see how little
responsible for your
him at uncomplaining soul age, to wonder tha " but if you have as "but if you have assume let me assure you the di-are quite right in supposi-very vexed to find you on study other people's feeling mine are considered I I'm re-Mine are considered: 110 rebeing here; but my sunt level.
Morecombe's presence, and she came to a
Gravesend expecting to find him there, as I counsee by the way they met. Aunt Damaris does not
mind humiliating me by this plot, as you rightly
call it, and since yen are on board, Mr. Seymour, I
do not know why she should not be told who you
are."

are."

There was no anger in her manner, but she spoke as a woman would who is deeply offended, with a flush in her check, and a sparkle in her eyes, and a

trembling of the lips.

"I will do whatever you wish," I replied; "and I feel the truth of all that you say, believe me. But as my name is down as Egerton, as the stewards and others know me only by that name, and as it is on my lugage, it would be rather awkward to alter it. And then," said I, "think of the effect of the discovery upon Mr. Morecombe, who, you must know, sleeps in the bunk under mine. We should end our days like the Kilkenny cats. If Sydney would not be big enough to hold you and him, I am sure this ship would not be large enough to hold him and me, if once I discovered that he knew who I was."

She broke into one of her old, merry laughs, and said: "You will do as you like, I suppose, but I shall never be able to speak or think of you as Mr. Egerton, aristocratic as the name is."

"I want you to think of me as Jazk, and call me so—not of course before others, but when we are alone—will you!" I asked.

"I can't tell you now," she replied, coming to a mand at the companion; and putting her foot upon the steps she looked a few moments at the haze of land on the starboard beam with a shadow of melancholy in her beautiful eyes, and then, saying, "There's no chance of our not meeting again soon non," she went below.

CHAPTER XXIII. trembling of the lips.
"I will do whatever you wish." I replied; " and I

steady breeze, with weight enough in it to give a heel to the ship, though she was under fore and aft canvas only. The swell came along from the north and east with a regular Channel roll, and a bit of a sea on top that hissed sharply in small, green surges, and made an eager glancing under the sun, that sailed fast among the squadrons of windy clouds which swarmed along the vale autumn blue. The swell was nearly ended, and the ship pitched slowly as she went, smothering a broad space of water around her with a surface of blowing and winking and shining foam at every crushing and shearing blow of her powerful bows and cutwater; and the tug ahead, sometimes rolled sponsons under, as she dragged at us, now and again hoisting one or the other of her wheels almost bodily out of water into the air, where you could see it spin round like a circle of bright steel sparkling wet in the sun, and, dipping her head in the smother, she raised until the sea-line beyond stood as high as the bridge, and then, slackening the great hawser into a bight as her stern swooped into the snow under her counter, and gave us a clear view of her deck. Some of the steerage passengers overhung the forecastie rail or main-deck bulwarks, very sick. The chief officer was forward, standing by for the tug to let go, and the crew lounged about, waiting for the order to make sail. It was a moment full of interest and excitement. The little steamer ahead was the final link that connected us with home, and she would be dropping us very soon, like the withdrawing of the hand that gives you the last shake. There was a fleet of smacks rateling to the eastward on our port bow, pumping the green hollows heavily, and crowding a space of the cloudy sky and the jagged olive-green of the hazy horizon with their chocolate-colored sails; a few gulls hung in our wake, peering with arched necks into the boiling eddies, and balancing themselves like shapes of marble against the streaming wind, now and again uttering hoarse cries as they stooped to the foam which flew scattering from the rolling coil of the waves like feathers from their own beautiful breasts; right ahead of us was a small galley-punt, flashing through the seas under her fragment of reefed canvas, with a couple of men in yellow oilskins sitting to windward, and a fellow crouching aft; the wind was keen, and damp with spray, as it blew in moans over the bulwarks and rushed with a shrick through the rigging into the staysails, and there was a hard look in the sky to the southward and eastward, away past the tiny red, dancing blotch of the North Sands Head light, which made me suspect that a teaser lay lurking down there, in readiness for us presently.

We were heading to pass the Goodwins to the eastward, which would keep the land a shadow wherever it was. make sail. It was a moment full of interest and ex-

brown clouds were driving in substantial to the kenting foot weather blue, down to the yellow metal to windward, under the brads, where the luminous green billows flashed into yeast, and rushed in giddy, mitk white whirlpools astern, the ship made a marine pictore fit to serve as a memory for life—for you had the great topsails bursting into brilliant spaces or fading into ashen gray, as the sunbeams came and went among the driving vajor; and there was a roll of thunder in every white hellow when the spars swept up against the wind, and made the strong breeze furious aloft; and the giant hows mounted upward with a steady heave upon the gleaning brow of a sea whose valley lay in the violet beyond it, and forked up the jubboom as though some mighty spirit of the deep had grasped it, and was showing the ship the way to heaven; and then descended with a gradual, shearing, crushing sweep of the cutwater, that raised a spow-storm and then descended with a gradual, shearing, crushing sweep of the cutwater, that raised a snow-storm under the figurehead, and hewed out of the solid hollow a green sea on either hand, which, to windward, met the oncoming surges, and was shattered by them into a splender of swirling white, blobs and feathers of which, like chips of wood under the fall of an axe, would blow over the forecastle as the test drove forward, and whird away into the sky they came into the streaming wind that out of the marble-hard convexities of the

e as the sight was, treated the passengers to admire, as they vomited over the side, siess on the deck or in their bunks below, joke to the landsman to come from the der of the Thames into the sea that could ser of the Immes incomes as executed as seen so far as his stomach is concerned.

Atlantic in a gale. Sailors are not a lattic race when afford, but, during my of shore-life, a good deal of the brutal that is given to one by a calling made land weather and bad food had leaked.

Letted leaking on to the main-deak ard weather and bad food had leaked
I stood looking on to the main-deek
k of the poop, I saw a deal to excite
of the poorly clad folks, who, with
e rail, seemed to be yielding up the
sers staggering, with yellow faces,
th ouistretched hands, and in the
we and there on coils of rope, on
s, or under the bulwarks, with
teir heads, forced by the motion
we air, and now trembling from
the proper seawind, without any from the br from the br my pity in son their chins on to ghost, and in of along the deck, women who sat the hatch-coamin their gowns over below into the fre-the cold, raw Sept other refuge than th air, and now trembling from gloom and groaning 'tweenthink that, of all the people think that, of all the people is a living or merely to get a mant or third-class passive at his bill of fare—the all-pork, the horrible four, the cheap pre-tril or not, is quite for mutton; look decks from which the Sailor-men know bad ships, but, on my soul, who go to sea, whether hacross the ocean, the emenger suffers the most. who go to sea, whether it across the ocean, the emarks at the haze of land on the starboard beam with a shadow of melanchor; in her beautiful cyes, and then, saying "There's no chance of our not meeting again soon now," she went below.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. MORECOMBE IS VERY LL.

The moment Florence was gone Daniel came up to me. I should have been glad of a spell of solitude, if merely to enjoy the Inxury of thinking over fais meeting and conversation with my darling girl, and the noble hope that had come to me; but my friend was not to be put off.

"You have had a longish bout of it, Jack," said he. "How have you enjoyed yourself? By thunder, she has a proper face and figure. Does sin use her heels or her toes when she walks? Never aw such a floating movement in a woman on a rolling deck. Will not she be a fine dancer now, ch? How have you got on?"

"Pretty much as you did when you were courting, Daniel. I'm greatly obliged to you for your friendly offices."

"You have had as longish to steer you but you're on your own hook now, my lad, and well out of my pilotage district, and must shift for yourself. But shat, I think, you know how to do. How does she relish you under that confounded name of yours, which I never can remember?"

I made him some kind of answer, and changed the subject by saking where the tug was to drop us. "Abreast of the Foreland," he replied "Youder's Wardsham, he wish the dealers, and was allowing to the haviness loomed faintly in the distance, as though it were longues away.

The wind had freshmed, and was bloying a thought to were sufficed by the sea had created an invincible it wish then the pange which perfect heart the suffice himself with the engrand deck. Will not she be a fine dancer now, ch? How have you got on?"

"The greatly obliged to you for your friendly offices."

"A threat of the field, meant for any the field of the fie ome interior into

though some little attention I could give to the ship, and the feaming and rashing sea through which the Strathmore was squeezing and rolling. Such were the fancies my talk with Florence had put into my head, that it seemed to me, if her father had wanted to pisy into my hands, he could not have done better than send his daughter to Australia along with Morecombe. Particularly had I noticed the resentment in her when she spoke of her aunt. The more she thought over the ruse, the more pained and disgusted was she bound to foel. It was not for her health, for her amusement, that her father had sent her away; no, but that Morecombe and she might be locked up in a place where no Jack Seymour could intrude upon her to whine out his love.

Mr. Hawke's young friend would have her all' to himself, and, backed by Aunt Damaris, would end in getting her to accept him—that was the idea; and to obtain that man as son-in-law, merely because, some of these days, he would be making his wife her ladyship," Mr. Hawke was willing to send his daughter to Australia, lose her companionship, for he would scarcely know how long, subject her to the dangers of the sea, and inflict upon her the attentions of the creature she had already refused. Would not such considerations vez and disgust my high-spirited girl more and more as she looked into and understood them? It was all new to her yet; only yesterday had she discovered the meaning of the voyage; but already had it done a deal of work in her feelings, as I could tell; and, faith, I should not have been much of a lover if I did not quetly rejoice over the possibility of her rebelling against her father's wishes in a manner sweeter to myself, and more emphatic to him, than was signified in the mere refusal of Mr. Morecombe's empty heart and itching palm.

We had left the North Sands Head light-vessel,

and more emphatic to him, than was signified in the mere refusal of Mr. Morecombe's empty heart and titching palm.

We had left the North Sands Head light-vessel, dancing fast and furious, a long way astern, and the deep ahip, pressed down pretty nearly to her covering-board by the weight of her whole topsalls, into which the wind was rushing with a shout, as though it must presently burst through the strained, distended spaces, was heavily breaking her way through the quick, fierce head-ses of the Channel, her forecastle dark and wet, her running-sear blowing out in semi-circles, the foretack groaning like a wounded giant with every weather-send of the hull, the crew in oilskins, the older salts among them casting their eyes to windward at the stormy look of the driving sky that way, and then aloft, in evident readiness for an order to reef down, and the decks forward wholly cleared of the passengers by the fiying wet. It was like a winter-piece, for the wind was as raw as if frost were in it; the sea was a hard, dark green out on the horizon; the clouds, as they flew out of the south and east, and swept like smoke over our mastheads, seemed to be full of snow, with their slate-colored bellies fining into a whitish gray at the skirts; and though the distance was thick, yet there was the sharpness of outline you see in things on a clear, frosty January morning in all objects this side the haze, such as the buoy that glided past us, rising and falling amid a showering of spray, and leaning with the tide, in the white water that flashed and quivered upon the submerged Goodwins, in the two or three blackhulled smacks which were heading for the North Sea, burying helier bowsprits with every chopping fall, and in the paddle-steamer that was passing us on our port quarter, her sides shining like oil as she lifted away from us, with her red wheel twinkling over the foam in which the next roll would bury it. I was about to go below, to be out of the wind for a spell, when the order to clew up the maintopgallant-sali wa tching palm.
We had left the North Sands Head light-vessel,

guess from the spectacle that I knew the difference betwixt a jackstay and a brass-rail; so I kept where I was.

Recting topsails is a lively thing to watch, boys, as you know, when there are hands enough for all three sails at once, and men are nimble; for at such a time there will be plenty of wind, unless you're providing against a low glass, is what Jack Spaniard calls a furious calm; and the screeching of it, as it sweeps off the combing ridges, with a slanting bound, right up along the canvas, making it boom like a thousand drummer-boys at work up there, is the sort of accompaniment that is wanted to make music of the deep-sea notes of the men lighting over to windward and hauling out to leeward; the surges run along the bend with a wild, washing neise; the wheel leaps in the hands of the men grasping the spokes, as the sea smites the rudder, and swings up, full and gurgling, under the counter; and there is a kind of strangeness in the recovery of the ship from the slope she has been rushing along with, and in the tumbling, rolling, straining, creaking pause, as if something was wrong. Well, I stopped until the men were off the yards, and had mastheaded them with a rattling chantey at each halliards; and then taking notice, as the ship leaned down again under her single-rected canvas, and snapped it and worried the seas as she gained way, how a number of windbound craft in the Downs over our lee bow were shaping themselves out of the haze—rocking outlines—and how the coast there, which should be as white as milk in the sunshine, hung like a smoky lowering of vapor betwixt heaven and water, I walked to the companion, strolled down the steps, feeling all the vapor betwith heaven and water, I wanged to the companion, strolled down the steps, feeling all the enjoyment of a special privilege, now that my darling and I had been properly introduced, and we could meet without risk of a betraying exclamation, or an equally convicting blush such as Daniel had described.

could meet without risk of a betraying exclamation, or an equally convicting blush such as Daniel had described.

On entering my cabin, I found a man seated on a box close to Morecombe, who lay in his bunk, moaning in the most dismal manner. The stranger stood up as I shut the door, and, suspecting from his appearance that he was the ship's surgeon, whom I had not before seen, no doubt from the circumstance of his cabin and apothecary shop being in the steerage, under the cuddy, I asked him straight if he was the doctor, and he answered: "Yes; I have been called to this gentleman by the steward. He is, certainly, very bad. I don't like his symptoms at all. Indeed, I do not believe he cought to continue the voyage."

I peered into the bonk, and, my eyes getting used to the gloom—for, you see, the sky was made up of whirling vapor, and the scuttle, which, the lee heel of the ship pointed at the sea let in but very little of what light there was—I made out Mr. Morecombe Iying like a corpse, his eyes closed, his face of the color of a turnip, with gouts of sweat all over it, and a kind of saliva draining from the lips, while the posture of his arms and half-closed hands indicated an extraordinary degree of prostration. I did not need the surgeon, whose name was Griffith—a young, red-headed chap, fresh from the hospital, I suppose, and who had shipped, like most sea-ductors do, to get experience by experimenting on Poor Jack—I did not need him, I say, to tell me that Morecombe was in a very bad way. I really couldn't help pitying the fellow, as he lay, with moaning noises breaking from his mouth, and looking like a dying man; and, said I, forgeting that we should have to land the pilot: "If you think he

couldn't help pitying the fellow, as he lay, with meaning noises breaking from his menth, and looking like a dying man; and, said I, forgetting that we should have to land the pilot: "If you think he should not pursue the voyage, what's to be done; we're bound right out; there's to be no more stopping, I think."

"Well," replied the medico, "he can't go on like this. He must be get ashere somehow, if he don't show signs of recovery. You should have been here twenty minutes since, Sick! I never saw more furious and dreadful retching"—lowering his voice—"the veins in his head stood out like that." says he, holding up his finger, "and I expected every minute to see the blood came up out of his like a fountain."

fountain."
"He seemed all right this morning in the river,"
said I.
"The water was smooth; but this is awful! It is
killing me," grouned the suderer, to my surprise;
for, by the looks of him. I should have thought that,
if he was not past hearing, he was certainly past
arealting.

if he was not past hearing, he was certainly past speaking.

"Don't you think your nausea will subside!" said I. "Most people are ill at the first start, you know, but they recover when they feel the long, deep-sea heare of blue water under them."

He made no answer to this, for a reason that was only too fully explained by a sudden explosion that I thought would have torn him in halves. I dropped on one knee and supported him, while the doctor assisted him in other ways; his throes and convulsions were truly formdable; indeed, I have never seen any sufferings of the kind to approach him, and when I let him sink back, I thought be had fainted; he scarcely seemed to breathe, and his face presented a most ghastly appearance from the puffy discoloration under the eyes, caused by his violent straining.

"I sant let this go on," said the doctor; "he must be sent ashore somehow or other. I'll not be responsible for his life if wa care, his que hy ther."

"I can't let this go on," said the doctor; "he must be sent ashere somehow or other. I'll not be responsible for his life it we carry him much further."

"Well, sir," said I, "suppose you go and speak to the captain, and ask him to come and look for himself I I'll keep watch here." He assented, and left the cabin. "Do you feel a little easier?" I asked the poor moaning creature, faneying that the last brush-up might have relieved him. He replied, in the faintest imaginable voice, "No, I am vewy ill—am dying—the captain must land me."

But," said I, "you told me you had done some thing in your time; won't you give yourself a mace? This is bound to pass, if you'll only hold.

done vewy little yachting-always in water-nover weally liked it," he grasped the is killing-i shall never recover—the linew more about it, of course, linew more about it, of course, line in he was reckoned scatter in a line in the lin

captain will The doctor in than I did for a because, never suffering to with people afflicted by it. It is the people afflicted by it. It is the people afflicted by it. It is the people dying of it; and only I read of a steamer that collect at northern out of her course to land a woman who was so it from the collects of nausce that she explicit to has

was being handed ashore. Yet, though I could not gress that there was any uncommon danger in Mouscombe's siekness, it was easy to see that the main was suffering horribly, and that if there was no chance of his recovering shortly, he must be got out of the ship; for even the length of the Chanuel from the Downs to the Scillies would be leagues toe much of a voyage for a stomach that promised to lill its owner by inputring a blood-vasel or two if its acony was not ended. I say, I could see that, and, and all and the say is a sould be the notice I should have a surprised that the promised to lill its acony was not ended. I say, I could see that, and, and has would be the notice I should have a surprised the him, with its accompaniments of creating and straining timbers, the washing and thundering water slongside, and the deep, hollow gurgle of the seas, as they swelled up over the scuttle and vested the immensely thick glass of it with the glimmering green darkness of their folds.

Presently the doctor returned with my friend Daniel, who stood awhile trying to catch sight of Morecombe, who lay in the duie of the bound and then, making out how fearfully ill he bound at them, making out how fearfully ill he bound and then, making out how fearfully ill he lower and then, making out how fearfully ill he lower and then, making out how fearfully ill he lower as and the with a deal of pity and good-feeling in it voice; "I am sorry to find you so bad siz. If you feel unable to continue the vovage, the size is bit," asid he, with a cook of his side of to-morrow, I fear; but if you can manage to hold on matil we fetch the lale of Wight, the pilotil be leaving us to do anything in that way this side of to-morrow, I fear; but if you can manage to hold on matil we fetch the lale of Wight, the pilotil be leaving us there, and you can go with him.

"I'm frightfully bad" answered Morecombe, in so faint and choking a wock that the skipper had to grinding and complaining not for hear him above she the doctor spoke to Thompson dire

(To be Continued.)

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

Joaquin Miller in The Philadelphia Press. "All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies
I give great bonor and giory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears To all who fail in their deeds sublime. Their ghosts are many in the van of years, They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a flame, But greater many and many a time Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights en,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

THE LAUREATE'S LINEAGE. That Mr. Tennyson comes of an ancient house is generally known; not every one, perhaps, is aware of the number of princes, soldiers, and statesmen, famous in British or European history, from whom he can claim descent. Without pretending to give an exhaustive list of his royal and noble ancestors, it may be interesting at the present moment to point out a few of the more renowned among them. The Laureate's descent from John Savage, Earl Rivers (of which stock came Johnson's friend), implies descent from the Lady Anne, eldest sister of Edward IV., and sofrom sixteen English Kings—namely, the first three Edwards, Henry III. John, the first two Henrys, William the Conqueror, Edmund Ironside, Ethelred the Unready. Edgar the Peaceable, Edmund I., Edward the Elder, Alfred, Ethelwulf, and Egbert. But Edward III. was the son of isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, who descended from Hugh Capet and nine intervening French Kings; among whom were Robert II. Philip Augustus, Louis VIII., and St. Louis. The last is not the only saint who figures in this schedule pediatree. The mether of Edward in this schedule pediatree. on intervening French Kings; among whom were Robert II., Philip Augustus, Louis VIII., and St. Louis. The last is not the only saint who figures in this splendid pedigree. The mother of Edward II. was Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III., King of Castile and Leon, who was canonized by Clement X. Again, through the marriage of Edward of Langley, Duke of York, with Irabel, daughter of Peter the Cruel, Mr. Teanyson descends from Sancho the Great and Alphonso the Wise. Other crowned ancestors of the poet are the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and several Kings of Scotland, notably Mislcolm III. and "the gracious Duncan," his father. In truth, the Shakespearian gallery is crowded with port aits of his progenitors—e.g., beside those already mentioned, John of Gaunt, Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, Richard Earl of Cambridge, Richard Plantagenet "the Yeoman," Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset, Lord Hastings (of the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III.) and Lord Stanley. Mr. Tennyson is not only descended from the lirst Earl of Derby and that third Earl with whose death, according to Camden, "the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep," but from the "stout Stanley" who fronted the right of the Scots at Flodden, and whose name, in Scott's poem, was the last on the lips of the dying Marmion. "Lord Marmion," says Scott, "is entirely a fletitious personage" but he adds that the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontensy in Normandy, was highly distinguished; Robert de Marmion, a follower of Duke William, having obtained a grant of the cast's and town of Tamworth. This Robert's descendant, Avice, married John, Lord Grey of Rotherfield, one of the eriginal Knights of the Garter, whose greatgranddaughter became in 1401 the wife of John, Lord d'Eyncourt, another ancestor of Mr. Tennyson, son's; whose uncle, the Right Honorable Charles Fennyson, many years Liberal member for Lambeth, asermed the name of D'Enycourt by royal license.

To return to Sir Edward Stanley, who, unbidden by mythic hero, did very likely

by my thic hero, did very likely

by my the hero, did very likely

charge with spur of fire,

With chester charge, and Lancashres,
Full uson Scotland's central host;
and certainly contributed not a little to the decisive victory obtained over the army of James IV.

"For which good service," according to Burke,
"Henry VIII., keeping his Whitsuntide at Elthana
the next ensuing year, 1514, commanded that Sir
Edward, for whose valuant acts against the Scots,
where he won the hill.... as also that his ancestors bore the eagle in the recreet, should be there
proclaimed Lord of Monteagie, and he had subsequently summons to Parliament in that digridy."
From him desdended that Wibiam, Lord Monteagle (of the same creation, though not a Stanley),
to whom was addressed the famous letter which revealed—if it did roveal—the Gunpowder Treason.
And of that nobleman's posterity is Mr. Feunyson;
who is thus also sprung from a sister of one of the
conspirators if rancis Tresham, to wit) who had the
ill luck to be taken, but the good luck to die a natural death in prison before he could be broughs to

ural death in prison before he could be brought to trial.

Unlike Byrou, who told the world pretty often of his noble birth, Mr. Tennyson never even alludes to his ancestry; and it would be difficult, one suspects, to find half-g-dezen references to the famous personague enumerated above in all his poetry though one, in the Ode on the Death of Wellington, is sufficiently suggestive. "Truthteler," we are reminded, "was our Fugland's Afrede maned." He was also called the Great; and there are who may think that such a forefather was well worth commemorating as "that gray King" whom the author of the ldylls himself is fain to pronounce an almost wholly legendary being.

A BORRIFYING BLUNDER.

Maxican Correspondence of The Springfield Republicans.
There are those who assert that this vowelly, soft-sounding Castillian is an easy language to learn-but they are generally those who never tried it. What with reciprocal pronouns, reflective rurbs, preterite conjugation, backward construction, and genders that change every word in the sentence it is the most difficult language under the ann. The mistakes which tyros make see often too dreadful to be eausing. A friend of mine in Montrers—who full to be eausing. A friend of mine in Montrers—who prides herself on having mastered Spanish quickly—and who is withal something of a countre-desired to display her new found knowledge for the further captavation of a handsome young officer. As he passed her window cody are rolled up her blue eyes at him in sentimental mood and meant to say "I san very loncoune"—so estain the tease of the verb and the final a into a was: "I have found the first of the first which we have a first warm for the state of the verb and the final a into a was: "I have found to the first of the first

afterward did she have her mistake on he look of herror, not unmissed with com-arrow, over his fare as he precipitately too